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The Song of the Madness of the Children of Odin

AND OTHER POEMS
1914--1917

Horatio Wallace



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In these dark days, when good and ill
Clash on the fiery front of war,
Our duty standeth to fulfil
Our fate, and follow still the star.
When freedom's trumpets sound the attack,
Forward! still forward!—who falls back?

We are enringed with loss and grief,
And beggared in a thousand things;
This, yet, we hold, of treasures chief—
The heaven of our imaginings.
For this the freeman lives or dies.
May Heaven accept the sacrifice.

The Song of the Madness of the Children of Odin.

Odin the War-god, the Lord, the sword-wielder,
Spake from his darkness: "Prepare me an army,
Men who are mighty and stalwart in battle,
Skilled in the sleight and the cunning of combat,
Knit as one man, one heart, and a million
Hands to accomplish the smiting of nations,
The breaking of peoples, the rending of empires;
To feast on the fat and to drink of the sweetness;
For the lust of the eye, for the hunger of getting;
Heirs of Valhalla, strong lords of the sword-stroke.
Prepare me an army; me, Odin the War-god."

Straight they assembled, men cunning in combat;
Long time they wrought, the children of Odin—
Long preparation, an infinite patience,
With craft and with lies, with the sowing of evils.
They gat to them marvellous engines of iron;
They gat them an engine—the strength of a nation—
Myriad-handed—a marvel of war-craft;
Long through the years, in their foresight, they shaped it;
Peace was their word as they armed them for battle;
So wrought in their wisdom the children of Odin.

"Let the storm break!" cried the children of Odin;
"Break, with the breaking of impotent peoples;
Spare not the weak and fear not the mighty,
Smite as ye smote in the days of old darkness,
With blood and with fire, with rapine and outrage;
Women and children—the brood of the hated—
See that ye spare not, ye children of Odin;
Smite for your God and the glory of battle;
War is our God," cried the children of Odin,
"War is our God, and the harvest of riches—
Others have laboured, but we shall possess it—
Others have wrought, but to us the enjoyment—
We shall possess by the oldest of titles,
The blade of the sword. We are children of Odin."

Fierce was the conflict; and there in the forefront
Blazed a white ensign, an ensign of glory;
Bright from the edge of it, lambent, the flame played;
White was the shaft of it, silver of heaven.
And under the ensign the hosts of the nations
Fought to the death with the children of Odin—
Fought for their lives, for their fate, for their children;
Fought for the unborn, the great generations;
Fought, in the glory and splendour of sureness,
For light, and for life, and for freedom they fought them;
Fought to the death with the children of Odin.

Mighty the conflict; the power overflowing
Struck through the world—the heart-beat of nations;
With tempest and tumult, with terror and slaughter,
With shame and with splendour, with uttermost striving,
An echo for ages—the clamour of War.

Fiercely they fought in the marshes of Poland;
Fiercely they fought in the fields and the vineyards,
Fiercely, with wrath, in the cities of Flanders;
Shattered the temples of God, the Almighty;
To smite—to spread, the Terror of Odin!
“Yield, ye are safe; resist, we destroy you;
Teach you the doctrine of blood and of iron—
Spread the Terror, ye children of Odin.”

Not for the tempest of fire and of iron,
Not for the slaughter of women and children,
The roofless cottage, the empty cradle,
The land one grave where the dead are happy,
Were the hearts of the hosts of the nations shaken.

Oh, little people! Oh, marvellous people!
Ye who bore the brunt of the onset,
Stood knee-deep in the blood of your country,
Girded again your loins to the utmost—
Fought and fought—and returned to the fighting,
Ye and your King—ye marvellous people!
King of the right blood-royal of kingship,
King by the grace and the glory of service,
King by right in the heart of a people—
The bleeding heart of a martyred people—
A King indeed—oh, marvellous people!

Rose behind you the exquisite people;
Rose the people of inspiration,
The people of vision, of exultations—
France! whose soul is a fire of splendour;
France! the prophet among the nations;
France! the bright land whose deeds are an impulse;
France sprang up—the trembling, the eager,
Fierce, fine-bred, with her passion of freedom
Tingling and thrilling the nerves of her swiftness;
France sprang up, and under the ensign
Struck—for the years to come.

Lo, the great land, the dreaming people,
The half-awakened, the dreaming people—
She who gropes for the keys of the vision,
She who knocks at the gates of the future,
The strange, great land of the myriad peoples,
Stirred in the Northland where she abideth,
Poured forth her multitudinous children;
The power of the Slav, in the dream of his vision,
Poured to the war.

Rose behind you the mighty nation,
The world-wide Queen of the chainless waters.
Slowly she rose; and the sound of her rising
Shook the whole earth. The uttermost islands,
There, where her sons are mightily planted,
Heard the harsh sound—the sword of Britain—
Slowly and surely—a grinding portent,
The sword of the wrath of the justice of Britain—
Drawn—and for War!

Stoutly fought the children of Odin.
Blind in their madness, the children of Odin
Read not the speech of the stars in their courses.
Never, ah! never, the world turns backward;
Rome was outworn when your sires destroyed her;
They who won had a greater vision.
“Are we outworn, ye children of Odin?
Ours is the vision—the vision we die for.
Ye are outworn, your deeds betray you;
An outworn faith of the gospel of carnage,
An outworn dream of the dying ages.
Not for nothing the Galilean Dawn of the Light,
O blinded nation!”

"Dark is your dream and dark is your ensign;
Dark with the blood of the pitiless ages—
The old, mad, blind and pitiless ages.
It, too, was ours, in the days of our darkness.
What? ye people, ye worship your fathers?
We would worship God."

Slowly and slowly the flood-tide of darkness
Heaped on the rampart and wall of the nations
Sank; and the fast-growing ebb of its waters
Sucked it away.
Faster and faster, the turbid current,
Foul with its evil and dark with its hatred,
Black with the crime of its insolent madness,
Hastened and hastened, moment by moment,
Grew to a roaring flood of disaster;
With whirl and with eddy, with rushing of waters,
With wreckage of hope borne dizzily downward—
Children of Odin! Children of Odin!
It bears you away.

With tumult and clamour, with wrath and with wrangling,
Division of counsels, by Heaven confounded,
With bitterest hate and the gnawing of envy,
With lust unsated, in impotent anger,
Poured from the battle the children of Odin.
"Who can prevail in the strong overcoming
Of the sword of the light?" cried the children of Odin.

Yet, once again, after tumult of battle,
To the great high peaks of your soul's discerning,
To the dream that ye made when your spirit was mighty,
By the way of the sword in the hand of the stronger—
The hands of the servants of God, the Eternal—
Ye may return, ye children of Odin.

The Great Retreat.

To the men of the little army
That Britain sent abroad,
Through the maelstrom of the nations,
To steer in the way of God;
To the men of the little army,
The little army, and good,
This—from one of the people
Who live by their hardihood.

Evil had troubled the peoples,
And Britain sent them forth,
At the call of a fierce moment,
To stand for right on the earth;
And the men of the little army—
The vanguard of Britain—went!
They have no will to tell their deeds,
Their strong accomplishment.
They are silent, after their fashion;
They do, and they do not say;
But their deeds shall speak for Britain
Till Britain's latest day.

The hard-steel edge of Britain,
That bore the brunt of strife,
They are Britain, and we are Britain—
Our life is but one life.
'Tis the song of the little army
That conquered in defeat;
The few, the strong, the great of heart,
The men of the great retreat.

Man to man, and gun to gun,
They had held them, well we know;
Not gun to gun, but four to one
Was the vantage of the foe.
Yet they met them as they might,
And ever the line fell back—
Steady, steady, steady,
Though the whole world go to wrack.

The eyes of Britain were on them;
No man there was but knew
Britain, the mother and judge of men;
And the eyes of the whole world, too.
Oh, little army and good;
Stoutly they fought and withstood—
They did what man might do.

By day, by night, they fought;
And ever the line fell back.
Myriads flanking by west and by north,
In the flood of the great attack.
By rule of war they were broken—
But Britain knows, and her sons,
There is more in warfare at the end,
Than the counting of men and guns.
Not so did Nelson count
When he ruled as a lord on the sea;
They begin to count the odds as hard
When they are as one to three.

And the men of the little army,
Like flint they set their face;
Let others break when they retreat,
We change our fighting place.
The men of the feeblest nations
They charge at times with a will—
But the breed of Britain knows to fight
With the head o'er the shoulder still.

Bitter the day, and bitter the night,
The weary march and long,
With never a morsel of comfort
But the courage of the strong;
For the strong of heart makes way,
And does whate'er he will,
Never so long and so hard a day
But his spirit will have its fill.

Steady, steady, steady!
Retreat, retreat, retreat!
Hammered, outnumbered, stricken,
Yet scoffing at defeat;
And the song of "Tipperary,"
Song of the marching men,
It sounds in my heart like the bugle call
For those who come not again—
For those who died, great-hearted,
Who died for you and me,
Who eat our hearts out, all in vain,
Far over the Western sea.

Steady, steady, steady!
'Tis Britain's word at the last!
The word of her uttermost agony,
Wherever her lot be cast;
The word of the little army,
The word of the mighty dead;
"They who endure shall inherit,"
The strong Apostle said.

Ye have heard, down the wind of the ages,
The word "Thermopylae" ring,
When those three hundred fell of old,
Self-doomed, beside their king;
Your own Thermopylae fronts you,
Your brothers, who took their stand,
Cheerful, content and smiling,
With death at their right hand.

I hear them cry as they fall
Man by man, and one by one,
Fighting the desperate rearguard fight
And serving the lonely gun:
"The great, the new-born army
That the nation brings to birth,
They shall make good our sacrifice,
We lying low in the earth;
Over our graves, their thunder
Shall yet be heard again;
Our brothers shall see to it, brother,
That we did not die in vain."

Yea, let us see to it—we;
When the thunder of guns shall cease
And the clamour of tongues begins
And the false prophets cry for peace,
May we remember the dead,
And that for which they died;
They did not give their lives as pawns,
But, fearless and steady-eyed,
They fought, like freemen, and fell
With a reasoned faith, and a strong;
Woe to you statesmen, if ye forget,
And barter their lives for a song!

Ye are troubled, and ye doubt;
Ye debate what ye shall do—
Follow the vision, and strike right out;
The people will bear you through.
There is a power in the simple man
Doth oft confound the wise;
And, do whate'er your wisdom can,
Can ye match their sacrifice?

Here ends the song of the singer,
Who hath but done his part,
Singing, indeed, as they have fought,
Strong, with a single heart;
In the balance of God Almighty
The deed and the song are weighed,
That which is right is right for ever,
We fear not nor are dismayed.

Men of the little army,
Men of the foremost line,
Ye shall have your proper Homer,
Your Iliad all divine;
Agincourt fathered Shakespeare
And Shakespeare fathered you,
And the great succession follows,
What men sing and what men do.

Men of the little army,
With Britain's blood at heat,
In some far year we shall not see
When the good and the evil meet,
When right is ringed with iron
And bitterly beset,
When the sun goes down on the long, long day,
And the ending is not yet;
When men's hearts fail within them,
And the evil sky grows black,
They shall steel their hearts with your story,
Through the years shall their thoughts go back,
And the word shall be "As our fathers did!"
As they form for the last attack;
And the pulse of the close-set army
Shall throb as one heart beat:
"They were our sires, the men who died,
The men of the great retreat!"

The Auld Mither.

There's a trumpet blawn in Scotland,
In the mirk and the blast;
There's blood upon the threshold
Where the Zeppelins hae passed;
There's mony a mile o' prairie,
There's mony a mile o' faem,
But the Auld Mither calls me,
And I maun win hame.

The Auld Mither bred us,
Wee bairnies at her knee,
To wander mony a mile o' land,
To sail on mony a sea.
Baith dour she is, and kindly,
She breeds her sons the same;
She's callin' in the dark hour,
And I maun win hame.

There's some hae died in Flanders,
And some upon the sea,
And some in far Gallipoli—
And a' for love o' thee.
For thee, for faith, for honour;
For the Auld Mither's name.
She's callin', callin', callin',
And I maun win hame.

The Faith-Breakers.

In the great name of our humanity,
Before the bar of nations, we impeach you;
Before the soul of man we do impeach you;
Before the Throne of Justice we impeach you;
Yea, be it with reverence, in the name of God—
In that ye have, for lust of pride and glory,
For greed of power and o'er-much seeking of it,
For wrongful rule which is its own destruction,
In that cold, cynic wisdom of your folly
And salt o'er-flowing of your insolence,
Outraged the sense of honour and of faith,
And violated in the heart of man
Its living hope in goodness.

The world were poorer
By this your crime, but that its very grossness
Makes the gorge rise, yea, strips from the true devil
His veiling robe of light. Ye stand impeached.
Of all the innocent blood we do impeach you;
Of all the ruined lives we do impeach you;
Of all the bitter tears and heavy sorrows,
In long, sad nights full of dear, vanished faces,
When morning brings no balm—the great indictment
Streams like a fire to heaven. Ye stand impeached.
And Time, God's minister, who works with justice,
After the stroke and thunder-voice of battle,
Dashing your winged ambitions to the dust,
Shall, in that awful silence, when men's hearts
Dimly conceive the foulness wrought upon them

And shrink, in comprehending, past all curses,
As leaving you to judgment, Time shall doom you—
Shall doom you with the great and final sentence:
“Their works are evil, and they shall not stand;
Blot out their line, erase their infamy,
Yea, save for warning, let their memory die!”
For we believe, and trust in God, believing,
There is a power of goodness in the world,
Even in the victims of your mad bewitchments,
A power of light, and of the glory of it,
That may not be o’ercome by any evil,
Though mailed in proof and armed from lowest hell.

St. Julien Day.

There is a story written, not in ink, but blood of men;
A tale that welds a nation, and shall weld it yet again,
As children from their fathers hear the echo of that fray,
When Canada held the angle upon St. Julien day.

The gray ranks of the Germans, like the long sea-waves came
Flood over flood, a storm of fight, steel, gas, and smoke and
flame;
But the mighty Daughter followed the Mother's deathless way
And Canada held the angle upon St. Julien Day.

And British hearts shall beat more strong, and British eyes
shine bright,
As down the long years echo the thunders of that fight—
The birth-hour of a nation, born in the fearful fray,
When Canada held the angle upon St. Julien day.

Round many a bloody angle has roared the stream of fight;
On many a thin, unbroken line has fallen the gentle night;
But never braver hearts than these stood steadfast in the
fray,
Who held the British angle upon St. Julien Day.

Ah! many a lad from Canada no more shall see the West;
They sleep so sound in Flanders; God give them quiet rest.
Their heart's-blood built a living strength that never shall
decay,
Who died within that angle upon St. Julien Day.

Britain

There was a Britain once, who stood alone
'Gainst a leagued world, and won; and shall she fail,
When round her all the sanctities of earth,
The fervid dreams, the heavenward fantasies,
The grace and kindness of the enlarging time,
And Love's sole self, the vision of them all,
In one clenched phalanx of invincible power
Stand for the right? Doubly she is inspired
By memory and desire; her mighty dead
Call from their graves, and her eternal star
Beacons the gracious goal. Freedom lie dead?
Never! And, bending to her mighty task
The sinewed strength of all her centuries
She, with the pillars of that Godless house
Gripped right and left, shall wrench them to their fall;
A Samson's triumph with no Samson's fate,
Striving her mightiest and her uttermost.
And she shall win. If she should fail, the heaven
Were emptied of the hope of man's desire,
Made blank with slavery; body, mind and spirit
Subdued to shameful bondage. She'll not fail.

The Bugles of Britain

Storm in the night! Storm!
And the bugles of Britain blow.
Storm in the night; and deep, afar,
The growling thunder of distant war;
And the bugles of Britain blow.

Speak! ye voices of power—
Ye bugles of Britain—blow!
Waken the soul that never dies,
The triumphing soul of the fearless eyes;
Ye bugles of Britain, blow!

Storm! Nearer, and yet more near!
Ye bugles of Britain, blow!
Strong, insistent, clamorous, shrill;
Blow, ye bugles! speak with a will!
Ye bugles of Britain,
Ye wakeners of Britain,
Ye bugles of Britain, blow!

Storm!—the full stroke of the power!
Blow, ye bugles, blow!
Right in the teeth of it blow your blast;
Hark! the clear voices—men stand fast!
The bugles of Britain,
The voices of war,
The voices of duty,
The hearteners of men—
The bugles of Britain blow!

"If ye believe that ye are right Then shall your heart be strong"

Oh! thou, my country, ever dear,
And dearest in the darkest hour;
Thou of the eyes that know not fear,
The soul of silent power.

Thou oft hast seen the morning rise
With lightning in the lowering cloud,
War-thunder pealing in the skies,
Yet ne'er thy head was bowed.

In strong endurance, firmed and set;
A heart steel-true and nerved through pain;
Thou, who of old the storm hast met,
Now facest it again.

With look serene and head id high,
With honour graven on thy blade,
Mindful of deeds that cannot die,
How should'st thou be afraid?

Thy humblest patriot hearth, to-night
Is as a sacred altar-fire,
Where Britain keeps her honour bright,
And shapes her great desire.

There are no rich, there are no poor;
There are no lowly and no great;
Brothers, they labour and endure,
While Britain fronts her fate.

A Soldier

Back from danger—back from Death!
Simple, steadfast, honest, true;
He who risked his dear life's breath
Fighting the fight for me, for you—
There, in Flanders.

Is he heedless? Is he wise?
Rich or poor, or grave or gay?
He looked danger in the eyes,
Fought your fight, and worked his day—
There, in Flanders.

This we know; that he was brave,
Cheerful, constant, strong of heart;
What he had, the best he gave;
Staked one life, did one man's part—
There, in Flanders.

He hath known the blasts of power,
Felt the grip of mighty things,
When Justice, and the fated hour
Broke that ravening eagle's wings—
There, in Flanders.

Smote and broke, and down he fell
Smitten, stricken, headlong hurled.
This man wrought, when that befell;
Helped to re-create the world—
There, in Flanders.

Your neighbour, he; yet, not the same.
He who beholds what you ne'er can—
Nights of fierce thunder, the black shame
And horror of the hate of man—
There, in Flanders.

Still before his quiet eyes,
Till old age upon him creep,
Visions of the dead arise,
Those who sleep their latest sleep—
There, in Flanders.

Comrades of the charging line,
Sharers of the desperate day;
If he hear no word of thine
'Tis that his heart is far away—
There, in Flanders.

Heavens Honour

I saw the mighty angel of Heaven's honour
Descending on the earth. A sword he bare,
Which on the sudden smote, and mightily,
Falsehood into eclipse; his other hand
Gathered unto him, father-like and tender,
The souls of those who suffered for his sake.
Some he did comfort, interfusing strength
And patience to endure what must ensue
From battle nobly joined; and certain souls
To whom the appointed time was come to die
He did translate, in splendour and new power,
A moving cloud of glory, to that realm
Where those who died for honour, greatly dwell,
Crowned with pure radiance everlastingly.

Tears for the Dead

Tears for the dead; and what for thee,
Oh! field of mighty memory?
Field of the nation's wakening power,
The deadly strife, the pregnant hour
When honour looked in danger's eyes
And found its heaven in sacrifice.
Tears for the dead; no tears for thee,
Oh! field of mighty memory.

The constant spirit shall prevail.
They died, that Justice might not fail;
Nor vainly on that desperate day
Gave they their lives, life's debt to pay.
For honour, with heaven's fire endued,
Outlives all death, and is renewed,
A constant and a kindling flame
From age to age, and still the same.

Tears for the dead; yea, happy tears.
They have o'erpassed our cares, our fears,
Our little hopes, and little things,
And feeble, faint imaginings.
Tears for the dead; but through them shine
Glories of that unbroken line.
And strikes upon the listening ear
Thunder of Britain's charging cheer,
And freedom's onset, forward hurled
To smite the spoilers of the world.

Tears for the dead; but none for thee,
Oh, field of mighty augury.
Though these be gone, there yet is left
To mother of her son bereft,
To widowed wife, and weeping maid,
A strength in sorrow, undismayed.
When memory shrines in glory's light
Their dead who died in freedom's fight,
With proud hearts and with weeping eyes
They consecrate their sacrifice.

Our loved, our dead; their life remains.
Though Flanders' trenched and bloodied plains
Be crammed with our Canadian graves,
Yet through the grass that o'er them waves
The wind shall whisper o'er the sea
A message, Canada, to thee.
Their strength remains. Their souls inspire
And kindle with a kindred fire
Their brothers—they who yet shall stand,
A bulwark of their native land
In hours of darkness and of doubt,
When hope fails and the light dies out.

This earth doth know no nobler thing
Than courage, and such conquering
When odds were great, and the hour dark,
In thy red angle, Langemarck!

Courage

Courage! We must and shall endure,
It is our will and way;
Courage that made our Empire sure
On many a desperate day;
The courage of home-loving hearts
That hate the field of strife,
Whose anger, wakened deep and slow,
Glows fiercer with a deadlier glow,
A very fire of life.

Courage! The hour is dark, indeed,
And may be darker yet;
But one thing they of British breed
Can never quite forget—
'Twas long endurance built the strength,
As hour succeeded hour,
The strength that knows not how to yield,
That keeps and holds the hardest field,
And steels its heart with power.

Courage! The storm in yonder sky
Is but a passing show;
Their mighty fate and destiny
Beacons the souls who go
From danger unto danger, still
Rejoicing in their might;
The vision of the Lord their God
Goes greatly forth on splendours broad,
Emparadised in light.

In Time of War

Not all of justice lives in any cause,
However pure; some grossness taints the best.
Our idols are all flawed, nor stand the test
Of Heaven's keen trial. This should give those pause
Who arrogate sanction of eternal laws
To fancies bred of impulse, whose behest
Makes these their servant-lords the mock and jest
Of passion which their judgment overawes.

Not thus may we, who combat for great things,
Shape our desire to action; nor go forth
With a loud, fierce, and unconsidered cry
To this our battle. Victory's shining wings
O'erarch those legions whose admitted worth
Is proved, by judgment, and humility.

After?

After the noise and the clamour of battle,
After the rush of the terrible wings,
Boom of the cannon and musketry's rattle,
What shall be done at the end of these things?

After the grass has grown green o'er the slaughter,
Nature restoring what man did deface,
What of the blood that was poured out as water
To vindicate right or to bolster disgrace?

The green fields are smiling, the soft wind is blowing,
But where are your brothers? And none makes reply.
No man finds an answer, and then in the silence—
"I gave them to live, and ye caused them to die."

At the great end, at the council of nations,
When the world speaks, shall they say to you then:
"Lo, we dethrone you, your ruletime is over,
Solemn, incompetent, rulers of men"?

No more to the word of the few be committed
This loosing of sorrows, this orgy of shame;
Let the world swear it, in shame and in silence,
Tears and strong passion, swear by The Name.

Lo, from the wreck of the world's conflagration,
After the tears that we shed in our night,
Wakes a new morning, when nation by nation
Shall live, and deal justly, and walk in the light.

Brotherhood, brotherhood, ever God willing,
It broadens and strengthens, and waxes apace.
Is it a dream? Ye shall see its fulfilling,
Walking in honour, and clean from disgrace.

Aeon by aeon, the truth broadens slowly;
Wide is the dream of the sure-coming day.
What matter the fire, if the true and the holy
Last, and consume not, nor vanish away!

Truth and Time

I saw, 'twas in a dream, I knew not where,
A mighty angel, girded with a sword
That slept in the sheath; motionlessly he moved,
As creeps a slow tide of the encroaching sea;
Passionless were his eyes, and in them shone
A cold light, clear with fate. To my struck soul
And its unuttered question, there replied
A voice that said: "This is that strong, slow Time,
Who fights for Truth, to set her on her throne,
Crowned, after many days." And then I saw
Beside him a bright shape, that momentarily
Changed, and was shadowed, and grew bright again,
Now royal, and now beggared and so poor,
Deformed beyond all knowledge; yet her eyes
Shone with a constant and a kindling light,
Stars of that sun, her soul. In my heart's heart
I knew her straight for Truth, the many-vestured,
The hardly-won, the evermore-desired,
God's human revelation when He speaks
To man in man's conception. Momently
She changed, more often in her misery
Than in her glory shrined; scaffold and axe,
The burning stake of torment, thousand forms
Of blind, mad zeal I saw. Yet at the last,
Bursting upon me as a lightning stroke,
Then growing as the broadening dawn of God,
A throne ringed round with light unbearable,
And on it that bright shape, with those clear eyes
Full of all light, nor more triumphant then
Than in her utmost bitterness of woe.
Near by, and leaning on his sheathless sword,
Dark with the blood of evil, strong, still Time.

The Noble Army of Martyrs Praise Thee

They lie, whom love had found so fair,
Each mouldering heap some mother's care;
Life called; they answered; they lie there,
In No Man's Land.

Who cries: "The day of dreams is fled,
The vision vanished, all is sped"?
Turn thou, and look upon our dead,
In No Man's Land.

What brought these here who huddled lie
In shapeless heaps beneath the sky,
From all the world called here—to die
In No Man's Land.

The eternal dream that lives in man,
Despised, contemned, still leads the van,
To find, how oft, since Time began,
Its No Man's Land

From age to age, adown the vast
Long vistas of the storied past,
The martyr dead their ranks have massed
In No Man's Land.

Patriot and poet, seer and sage,
The foremost files of every age,
Found, as a certain heritage,
Their No Man's Land.

Ye shadowy hosts, so faithful found,
See! moving softly, with no sound,
Your latest legion takes its ground
In No Man's Land.

